

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

THE BETTER ONE IS THE MORE HE IS HATED

By the Vice-Creatures Who Haunt the Abodes of Men—Text: "I Was the Song of the Drunkards"—Psalms 69:12.

Who said that? Was it David or was it Christ? It was both. These Messianic Psalms are like a telescope. Pull the instrument to a certain range, and it shows you an object near by. Pull it to another range, and it will show you objects far away. David and Christ were both, each in his own time, the song of the drunkards. Holiness of doctrine and life always did excite wicked merriment. Although David had fully reformed and written a psalmody in which all subsequent ages have sobbed out their penitence, his enemies preferred to fetch up his old career, and put into metric measures sins long before forgiven. Christ, who committed no sin, was still more the subject of unholy song, because the better one is, the more iniquity hates him. Of the best Being whose voice ever moved the air or whose foot ever touched the earth it might be said: The byword of the passing throng, The ruler's scoff, the drunkard's song.

The earth fitted up for the human race, in congratulation the morning stars sang a song. The Israelitish army safe on the bank of the Red Sea and the Egyptians clear under the returned water, Moses sang a song. One of the most important parts of this great old Book is Solomon's song. At the birth of our Lord the Virgin Mary and old Simeon and angelic prima donas in hovering clouds sang a song. What enrichment has been given to the world's literature and enjoyment by the ballads, the canticles, the ditties, the roundels, the epics, the lyrics, the dithyrambs. But my text calls attention to a style of song that I think has never been discussed upon. You sometimes hear this style of music when passing a saloon, or a residence in which dissipation is ascendant, or after you have retired at night you hear it coming out of the street from those who, having tarried long at their cups, are on their way home—the ballad of the inebriate, the serenade of the alcoholized, or what my text calls the Song of the Drunkards.

For practical and saving and warning and Christian purposes I will announce to you the characteristics of that well-known cadence mentioned in my text. First I remark that the Song of the Drunkards is an old song. Much of the music of the world and of the church is old music. First came the music of percussion, the clapping cymbal, which was suggested by a hammer on an anvil, and then the sighting of the wind across the reeds suggested the flute, and then the strained sines of the tortoise across its shell suggested the harp. But far back of that, and nearly back as far as the moral collapse of our first parentage is the Song of the Drunkards. That tune was sung at least four thousand two hundred and forty-three years ago, when, the deluge past, Noah came out of the ark, and as if disgusted with too much prevalence of water, he took to strong drink and staggered forth, for all ages the first known drunkard. He sounded the first note of the old music of inebriety. An Arab author of A. D. 1310, wrote: "Noah, being come out of the ark, ordered each of his sons to build a house. Afterwards they were occupied in sowing and in planting trees, the pippins and fruits of which they found in the ark. The vine alone was wanting, and they could not discover it. Gabriel then informed them that the devil had desired it, and indeed had some right to it. Hereupon Noah summoned him to appear in the field, and said to him, 'O accursed! Why hast thou carried away the vine from me?' 'Because,' replied the devil, 'it belonged to me.' 'Shall I part it for you?' said Gabriel. 'I consent,' said Noah, 'and will leave him a fourth.' 'That is not sufficient for him,' said Gabriel. 'Well, I will take half,' replied Noah, 'and he shall take the other.' 'That is not sufficient yet,' responded Gabriel. 'He must have two-thirds and thou one, and when thy wine shall have boiled on the fire until two-thirds are gone, the remainder shall be assigned for thy use.' A fable that illustrates how the vine has been misappropriated.

Benhadad and thirty-two allied kings, rioting in a pavilion, took up the same bacchanal. Nabal was rendering that drunkard's song when his wife, beautiful Abigail, came back from her expedition to save her husband. Herod was singing that song when the daughter of Herodias wheeled in the dance before him. Belshazzar and a thousand lords renewed that song the night the handwriting came out on the plastering of the wall and the tramp of the besieging host was heard on the palace stairs. Ahasuerus sang that song when, after seven days of carousal, he ordered Vashti to come into the presence of the roaring guests without her veil on a January storm trying to command a June morning. Oh, yes! The song of the drunkards is an old song. Kink Cyrus boasted that he could drink more wine than his brother. Drunkenness was so rife among the Lacedaemonians that Lycurgus had all the vines of the vineyards destroyed. Paul excommunicates the Corinthians for turning the communion of the Lord's supper at church into a carousal. Isaiah mentions the drunkards of Ephraim. So much were the Athenians given to wassail that a law was passed giving a man double punishment for crime while intoxicated, the first punishment for the crime, and the other for the intoxication. It was a staccato passage in that song when Alexander the Great arose from a ban-

quet and struck a spear through the heart of Clitus while putting up the curtains, and horrified at what was done, withdrew the sword from the dead body and attempted to take his own life. In the time of Oliver Cromwell the evil was so great that offenders were compelled to wear what was called "the drunkard's cloak," namely, a barrel with one end of it knocked out and a hole in the opposite end, the arms thrust through holes at the sides of the barrel. Samuel Johnson made merry of his own inebriety. Oh, this old song! All the centuries have joined in. Among the first songs ever sung was the Song of the Drunkards.

Again, this Song of the Drunkards is an expensive song. The Sonnets and the Parepa Rosas and Nilssons and the other renderers of elevated and divine solos received their thousands of dollars per night in coliseum and academies of music. Some of the people of small means almost pauperized themselves that they might sit a few evenings under the enchantment of these angels of sweet sounds. I paid seven dollars to hear Jenny Lind sing when it was not easy to afford the seven dollars. Very expensive is such music, but the costliest song on earth is the drunkard's song. It costs ruin of body. It costs ruin of mind. It costs ruin of soul. Go right down among the residential streets of any city and you can find once beautiful and luxurious homesteads that were expended in this destructive music. The lights have gone out in the drawing-room, the pianos have ceased the pulsation of their keys, the wardrobe has lost the last article of appropriate attire. The belshazzarean feast has left nothing but the broken pieces of the crushed chalice. There it stands, the ghastliest thing on earth, the remnant of a drunkard's home. The costliest thing on earth is sin. The most expensive of all music is the Song of the Drunkards. It is the highest tariff of nations—not a protective tariff, but a tariff of doom, a tariff of woe, a tariff of death. This evil whets the knives of the assassins, cuts the most of the wounds of the hospital, makes necessary most of the almshouses, causes the most of the ravings of the insane asylum and puts up most of the iron bars of the penitentiaries. It has its hand to-day on the throat of the American republic. It is the taskmaster of nations, and the human race crouches under its anathema. The Song of the Drunkards has for its accompaniment the clank of chains, the chattering teeth of poverty, the rattle of executioner's scaffold, the crash of shipwrecks, and the groan of empires. The two billion twenty million dollars which run costs the country in a year in the destruction of grain and sugar and the supporting of the paupers and the criminals which strong drink causes is only a small part of what is paid for this expensive Song of the Drunkards.

Again, this Song of the Drunkards is a multitudinous song—not a solo, not a duet, not a quartette, not a sextette, but millions on millions are this hour singing it. Do not think that alcoholism has this field all to itself. It has powerful rivals in the intoxicants of other nations; hashish, and arrack, and pulque, and opium, and quavo, and mastic, and wedro. Every nation, barbaric as well as civilized, has its pet intoxicant. This Song of the Drunkards is rendered in Chinese, Hindoo, Arabian, Persian, Mexican—yes, all the languages. All zones join it. No continent would be large enough for the choir gallery if all those who have this libretto in their hands should stand side by side to chant the international chorus. Other throngs are just learning the eight notes of this dreadful music which is already mastered by the orchestras in full voice under the batons in full swing. All the musicians assembled at Dusseldorf, or Berlin, or Boston Peace Jubilee, rendering symphonies, requiems, or grand marches of Mendelssohn or Wagner or Chopin or Handel, were insignificant in numbers as compared with the innumerable throngs, host beside host, gallery above gallery, who are now pouring forth the Song of the Drunkards.

Again, the Song of the Drunkards is a suggestive song. You hear a nursery refrain, and right away you think of your childhood home, and brothers and sisters with whom you played, and mother, long since gone to rest. You hear a national air, and you think of the encampment of 1863, and the still night on the river bank, and the campfires that shook their reflections up and down the faces of the regiment. You hear an old church tune, and you are reminded of the revival scenes amid which you were brought to God. Nothing so brings up associations as a song sung or played upon instrument, and the Drunkards' Song is full of suggestion. As you hear it on the street quite late some night, you begin to say to yourself, "I wonder if he has a mother? Is his wife waiting for him? Will his children be frightened when he enters the front door and staggers, whooping, up the stairs? What chance is there for that young man, started so early on the down grade? In what business will he succeed? How long before that man will run through his property? I wonder how he got so far astray? Can any influence be wielded to fetch him back? He must have got into bad company who led him off." So you soliloquize and guess about this man whose voice you hear on the street under the starlight.

Furthermore, the last characteristic of the Drunkards' Song is so tremendous that I can hardly bring myself to mention it. The Drunkards' Song is a continuous song. Once start that tune and you keep it up. You have known a hundred men destroyed of strong drink. You cannot mention five who got fully started on that road and stopped. The grace of God can do anything, but it does not do everything. Religion saves some. Temperance societies save some. The Bow-

ery Mission saves some. The Central Mission saves some. But one hundred thousand who are annually slain by strong drink are not saved at all. have been at a concert which went on for two hours and a half, and many people got up and left because it was too long; but 95 per cent of those who are singing the Drunkards' Song will to the last breath of their lungs and the last beat of their hearts keep on rendering it, and the galleries of earth and heaven and hell will stay filled with the astounded spectators. It is such a continuous and prolonged song that one feels like making the prayer which a reformed inebriate once made: "Almighty God! If it be thy will that man should suffer, whatever seemeth good in thy sight impose upon me. Let the bread of affliction be given me to eat. Take from me the friends of my confidence. Let the cold hut of poverty be my dwelling-place and the wasting hand of disease inflict its painful torments. Let me sow in the whirlwind and reap in the storm. Let those have me in derision who are younger than I. Let the passing away of my welfare be like the fleeting of a cloud and the shouts of my enemies like the rushing of waters. When I anticipate good, let evil annoy me. When I look for light, let darkness come upon me. Let the terrors of death be ever before me. Do all this, but save me, merciful God! Save me from the fate of a drunkard. Amen."

You see this sermon is not so much for cure as for prevention. Stop before you start, if you will forgive the solecism. The clock of St. Paul's cathedral struck thirteen one midnight, and so saved the life of a sentinel. The soldier was arrested and tried for falling asleep at his post one midnight; but he declared that he was awake at midnight, and in proof that he was awake he said that he had heard the unusual occurrence of the clock striking thirteen instead of twelve. He was laughed to scorn and sentenced to death; but three or four persons, hearing of the case, came up in time to swear that they, too, heard the clock strike thirteen that same midnight, and so the man's life was spared. My hearer, if you go on and thoroughly learn the Drunkards' Song, perhaps in the deep midnight of your soul there may sound something that will yet effect your moral and eternal rescue. But it is a risky "perhaps." It is exceptional. Go ahead on that wrong road and the clock will more probably strike the twelve that closes your day of opportunity, than that it will strike thirteen, the sound of your deliverance.

A few Sabbaths ago, on the steps of this church, a man whom I had known in other years confronted me. At the first glance, I saw that he was in the fifth and last act of the tragedy of intemperance. Splendid even in his ruin. The same brilliant eye, and the same courtly manners, and the remains of the same intellectual endowments but a wreck. I had seen that craft when it ploughed the waters, all sails set and running by true compass; wife, and children, and friends on board, himself commanding in a voyage that he expected would be glorious, putting into prosperous harbors of earth and at last putting into the harbor of heaven. But now a wreck, towed along by low appetites, that ever and anon run him into the breakers—a wreck of body, a wreck of mind, a wreck of soul. "Where is your wife?" "I do not know." "Where are your children?" "I do not know." "Where is your God?" "I do not know." That man is coming to the last verse of that long cantata, that protracted throndy, that terrific Song of the Drunkards.

But if these words should come—for you know the largest audience I reach I never see at all—I say if these words should come, though at the ends of the earth, to any fallen man, let me say to him: Be the exception to the general rule, and turn and live, while I recall to you a scene in England, where some one said to an inebriate, as he was going out of church where there was a great awakening, "Why don't you sign the pledge?" He answered, "I have signed it twenty times, and will never sign it again." "Why, then," said the gentleman talking to him, "don't you go up and kneel at that altar, amid those other penitents?" He took the advice and went and knelt. After awhile a little girl in rags and soaked with the rain looked in the church door and some one said, "What are you doing here, little girl?" She said, "Please sir, I heard as my father is here. Why that is my father up there, kneeling now." She went up and put her arms around her father's neck, and said, "Father, what are you doing here?" and he said, "I am asking God to forgive me." Said she, "If he forgives you will we be happy again?" "Yes, my dear." "Will we have enough to eat again?" "Yes, my dear." "And will you never strike us again?" "No, my child." "Wait here," said she, "till I go and call mother." And soon the child came with the mother, and the mother, kneeling beside her husband said, "Save me, too! Save me, too!" And the Lord heard the prayers at that altar, and one of the happiest homes in England is the home over which that father and mother now lovingly preside. So, if in this sermon I have warned others against a dissipated life, with the fact that so few return after they have once gone astray, for the encouragement of those who would like to return, I tell you God wants you to come back, every one of you, and to come back now, and more tenderly and lovingly than any mother ever lifted a sick child out of a cradle, and folded it in her arms, and crooned over it a lullaby, and rocked it to and fro, the Lord will take you up and fold you in the arms of his pardoning love.

There's a wideness in God's mercy, Like the wideness of the sea, There's a kindness in his justice, Which is more than liberty.

THE JOKER'S CORNER.

WIT AND WISDOM, ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

Why He Failed—Getting Ready for Breakfast—A Fairly Satisfactory Reason—A War Cloud in the Smoke—Fitsam and Jetsam of Humor.

WITHIN the quiet park they sat—The light was growing dim; Heidly dallied with his hat, She fondly gazed at him.

"And so you failed in love," she sighed;

"Your manner tells me so."

"Alas, I did," the youth replied, "Two many years ago."

"I loved a maid of virtues rare And features fair to see; I loved her tenderly, I swear, And she was fond of me."

"Our perfect courtship rippled past Like melody, but oh! That dream of Heaven could not last—It never does, you know."

"But why," she softly asked of him, "Why were you never wed?" He turned away—his eyes grew dim: "We were," he sadly said.

A War Cloud in the Smoke. "The Canadian authorities arrested three Americans last week for fishing in Canadian waters. But we are even with them now."

"How?" "Why, a party of Canadians went hunting the other day up in their old dominion, crossed the line into this country by a mistake, and were promptly arrested by the Chicago police for firing guns within the city limits."

—Up to Date.

Mary's View.

"Mary, isn't Master Frank nearly ready for breakfast?"

Mary (just imported)—"Yis mum; pretty near, he's just sharpenin' his tathe."—Truth.

Mr. Ashbury Peppers. "Saw you coming out of the barber's this morning," said the sociable boarder.

"I went in on business connected with purely personal ends," replied Asbury Peppers, with much dignity.

"Oh, beg pardon, I—"

"That is to say, I got my hair cut and my shoes shined."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Sweet Relief. "I tell you, nature never gives us more than we can stand. Look at Gildy. Yesterday he was attended by two doctors and three trained nurses."

"And then what happened?"

"Death came and put an end to his sufferings."—Brooklyn Life.

Forewarned. A Western farmer wrote to his lawyer as follows: "Will you please tell me where you learned to write? I have a boy I wish to send to school, and I am afraid I may hit upon the same school that you went to."—Yonkers Statesman.

Strange. Yeast—"Some of the edible oysters of Port Lincoln, South Australia, are as big as a dinner plate."

Crimsonbeak—"Wouldn't they look strange in a church far stew?"—Yonkers Statesman.

In Society. The young man had been asked to sing.

He protested that he could not. Then he proceeded to prove it.—Philadelphia North American.

The Reason.

Thomas Jefferts—"Wat yo' runnin' fo' so, man?"

George Washless—"Cose I can't fly, you fool nighgh!"—Up to Date.

A Last Request. Her father had said it could never be.

They both sat in the parlor—also in tears.

After long searching and a desperate effort she found her voice. Then, in despairing tones, she cried: "Oh, Charley! If we must part, let us wait till after Christmas."—Philadelphia North American.

An investigation of the work of the turnpike raiders in Kentucky shows that 1,500 miles of turnpike owned by corporations have practically been confiscated and are being traveled free of toll. It is estimated that the destruction of toll gates in the Blue Grass region has effected \$4,000,000 worth of property.

A Thirteen-Year-Old Child Paralyzed.

It Was Caused By a Nervous Affection, and Rendered One Arm Lifeless. (From the Times, Paola, Kansas.)

A happy family is that of Mr. James McKinney, of Hillsdale, Kansas, on whom a Times reporter recently called. His business with these people was to learn the facts for his paper of the cure of their 13 year old daughter from a case of nervous prostration, and the facts were learned from Mrs. McKinney herself, who quickly told the following story:

"The first perceptible result of her extreme nervousness was apparent in a halting step of the child in her right limb," said the mother, "and a physician was called in to attend her. No apparent change came, another doctor was called to attend her. She continued to grow worse, although we thought the doctors helped her, until she lost the use entirely of her right arm, which hung listless, and apparently lifeless by her side."

"The physicians finally told us," continued Mrs. McKinney, "that Mary would outgrow it in time, but by accident my husband picked up a circular in his shop, which so highly recommended Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, that we concluded to try them. Mr. McKinney procured a box at Grimes' drug store in Paola, and we began by giving Mary a half pill at a time, and gradually increasing to one pill at a time, and before we had used one box we could see they were doing her good. This was one year ago. She had been suffering at that time for four years, under the doctors, and we were so encouraged over the good effects of the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, that we continued to use them, and the child started to school again and has been able to attend school ever since, gradually going stronger and in better health all the time as you now see her, and we don't notice the old trouble any more."

"Yes, we are always ready and willing to recommend Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and do so all the time to our friends," replied Mrs. McKinney to our question, "and continuing, she said: 'We do not know what the doctors called Mary's affliction, but we took it to be something like paralysis or St. Vitus' dance, and we became very much alarmed about her.'"

"Our local physician," she says, "now tells us that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are as good a thing as we could use; and while Mary is apparently well, she has occasional attacks of nervous headache, and then she says: 'Mamma, I must take another Pink Pill, so you see she has great faith in them, but does not like to have us talk about her late affliction.'"

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain, in a condensed form, all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are also a specific for troubles peculiar to females, such as suppressions, irregularities and all forms of weakness. In men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, over-work or excesses of whatever nature. Pink Pills are sold in boxes (never in loose bulk) at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, and may be had of all druggists, or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

Five thousand students are in attendance upon the agricultural colleges of the country and nearly 11,000,000 acres of land have been granted to these institutions by the general government.

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh That Contain Mercury

as mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten-fold to the good you can possibly derive from them: Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by J. C. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally and made in Toledo, O., by J. C. Cheney & Co. Testimonials for Catarrh Cure. Sold by druggists, price 75c per bottle. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

France has furnished fewer immigrants to the United States than any other nation in Europe. During the ten years preceding 1890, only about 50,000 persons left France for America.

If the Baby is Cutting Teeth, Be sure and use that old and well-tried remedy, Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children Teething.

The most extensive cemetery in the world is that at Rome, in which over 6,000,000 human beings have been interred.

FITS stopped free and permanently cured. No more after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Free 64 cent bottle and treatise. Send to Dr. J. C. KLINE, 261 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

It takes the planet Uranus about 84 of our years to make one complete revolution around the sun.

I believe Pilo's Cure is the only medicine that will cure consumption.—Anna M. Ross, Williamsport, Pa., Nov. 12, '93.

Frederick the Great played the flute and composed music and did both well.

When bilious or constive, eat a Cascaret, candy cathartic, cure guaranteed, 10c, 25c, Louis XVI. made locks.

THESE FIGURES ARE YEARS, YEARS IN WHICH, IN SINGLE INSTANCES, PAINS AND ACHES

Rheumatic, Neuralgic, Sciatic, Lumbagic.

HAVE RAVAGED THE HUMAN FRAME. ST. JACOBS OIL CURED THEM. NO BOAST—THEY ARE SOLID FACTS HELD IN PROOF.

ANDY CATHARTIC

Cure Constipation

REGULATE THE LIVER

ALL DRUGGISTS

ABSOLUTELY GUARANTEED to cure any case of constipation. Cascarets are the Ideal Laxative, never grip or choke, but cause easy natural relief. Name on wrapper. Ad. STERLING REMEDY CO., Chicago, Montreal, C. M., or New York.

A Dundee whaler, the Active, which caught nine whales, yielding four and a half tons of bone, on the Greenland grounds, cleared \$30,000 by the trip, which gave 300 per cent. dividends, the largest profit made in the business in Dundee in thirty years.

Danger Envoys Us

If we live in a region where malaria is prevalent. It is useless to hope to escape it if provided with a medicinal safeguard. Wherever the epidemic is most prevalent and malignant—in South and Central America, the West Indies and certain portions of Mexico and the Isthmus of Panama, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters has proved a remedy for and preventive of the disease in every form. Not less effective is it in curing rheumatism, liver and kidney complaints, dyspepsia, biliousness and nervousness.

In Holland the peasant girl who is without a beau at fair times hires a young man for the occasion. As good dancers command a high price, two maidens sometimes club together to enjoy the swam.

The Governor's mansion in Frankfort, Ky., is the oldest building in the town. It was built ninety-eight years ago and has been occupied by thirty-three governors, including Governor Bradley.

NO-TO-BAC FOR FIFTY CENTS.

Over 400,000 cured. Why not let No-To-Bac regulate or remove your desire for tobacco. Saves money, makes health and nanhood. Cure guaranteed, 50c and \$1.00 all druggists.

A Paris lampfighter rides a bicycle while in the performance of his duty. Over his right shoulder he carries a long pole, with a light at the end, and he lights all his lamps without dismounting.

Hegeman's Camphor Ice with Glycerine. The original and only genuine. Cures Chapped Hands and Face, Cold Sores, A.C. C. G. Clark Co., N. Haven, Ct.

The millennium will come when men can make guns ten times as destructive as those we have now, and won't do it.

Louis XIII. took to amateur barbering, and the courtiers had to suffer in consequence.

CASCARETS stimulate liver, kidneys and bowels. Never sicken, weaken or gripe, 10c.

California is shipping oranges.

A Lost Voice.

Advertising will do a great many things, but it won't bring about the return of a lost voice. The best thing to do is to begin, at once, the use of the sovereign cure for all affections of the throat and lungs—Bronchitis, Asthma, Croup, Whooping Cough, etc. It has a reputation of fifty years of cures, and is known the world over as

AYER'S Cherry Pectoral.

QUARTER OF CENTURY OLD.

FAY'S MANILLA ROOFING.

CHEAP WATERPROOF. Not affected by gases.

NO RUST OR RATTLE. Durable in iron.

Water Proof Substrate for Plaster or Wall.

Water Proof Substrate for Plaster or Wall.

Water Proof Substrate for Plaster or Wall.

Water Proof Substrate for Plaster or Wall.

Water Proof Substrate for Plaster or Wall.

Water Proof Substrate for Plaster or Wall.

Water Proof Substrate for Plaster or Wall.

Water Proof Substrate for Plaster or Wall.

Water Proof Substrate for Plaster or Wall.

Water Proof Substrate for Plaster or Wall.

Water Proof Substrate for Plaster or Wall.

Water Proof Substrate for Plaster or Wall.

Water Proof Substrate for Plaster or Wall.

Water Proof Substrate for Plaster or Wall.

Water Proof Substrate for Plaster or Wall.

Water Proof Substrate for Plaster or Wall.

Water Proof Substrate for Plaster or Wall.

Water Proof Substrate for Plaster or Wall.

Water Proof Substrate for Plaster or Wall.